Hunting

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Hunting

by DrJLecter

Summary

"Will ran as fast as he could until his lungs burned and his muscles ached."

Notes

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaand here's another fic for the Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive Challenges. THIS IS ADDICTIVE. I'm so sorry for the people waiting for updates of my own WIPs I'M SO SORRY.

Thank you FauxFidele for betaing! All remaining mistakes are my own.

Anyway - here's a fic for the #ItsStillBeautiful challenge.

"An event that we are organizing to celebrate the anniversary of the first year post *The Wrath of The Lamb*, and to show that the fandom is still very much alive. We are not going anywhere!"

Follow them on twitter and tumblr for updates, amazing art and endless new fics.

See the end of the work for more notes

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Will ran as fast as he could until his lungs burned and his muscles ached.

Darkness surrounded him as he pounded through bushes, trees flashing past him in the dark, his feet finding ground on soft forest soil, branches hitting his face.

His breath was coming in quick bursts and he felt the strain in his shoulder where the old injury made itself known, but the adrenaline in his veins felt hot and cold all at once, numbing any pain and sending him flying through the night as fast as possible.

He dashed down a steep slope, stumbled and rolled down the rest of it, getting half buried on soft leaves and moist earth. He was lying there for a moment, gasping, blood rushing through his body, almost deafening in his ears.

The cracking of a twig made him jump up again, but he'd lost his momentum and decided to stop running. Instead he crouched behind a few large boulders between bushes and trees, waiting. A cool gust of wind sent low hanging fir branches brushing over his back, pulling at his hair and goosebumps scattered across his body.

Sweat was running down between his shoulder blades and his face while he tried to control his breathing. He blinked the burn away, hoping to see something in the grey moonlight.

His heart was beating heavily in his chest, but he wasn't scared.

Will hadn't been scared in a long time.

There wasn't anything to be heard in what felt like hours and finally Will got impatient. His muscles had started to get stiff and cramp and the sweat was drying and itching. The coolness of the night air was clinging to his wet skin, his shirt glued to his body.

Carefully, inch by inch, he moved out of his hiding spot, listening, breathing.

The weight slamming into him out of nowhere felt like a train and when he hit the ground there was no air left in him. Instinctively, he fought back, elbows and knees, fingers and teeth until he'd managed to free himself far enough to roll away from the hands trying to properly grab him.

He didn't get far and with a curse he was dragged backwards by a hard grip around his ankle, nails digging into his flesh. Turning himself on his back, he almost managed to get in a good hard kick to their face, but got blocked just as swiftly.

With a grunt, he threw himself against his attacker, surprising him and suddenly he was on top. He was prepared to fight more, but there was no attack coming. Instead the person went slack underneath him, breathing hard.

"I'm afraid I'm not as fit as I used to be."

Will grinned down at Hannibal even though the man probably couldn't see it.

"You're slipping, old man," he panted, blood pumping through his veins, adrenaline making his pulse run.

He found himself on his back a moment later, staring up into the dark shadow that was Hannibal above him. He was expertly pinned to the ground and wouldn't have found a way to move if he wanted to. Instead he rolled his hips upwards, pressing his erection into Hannibal's ass.

The hunt always managed to excite and arouse him.

They did this every other month when life got too boring and Will needed to break out. Hannibal may be able to adapt to all life situations, taking them with endless patience and calm, but Will couldn't. He needed another outlet without dogs, without fishing, without the thrill of hunting.

So they compromised and hunted each other to get it out of their system.

Their current apartment was near a city centre. Grey. Monotonous. Boring and dull. Will didn't speak the language and the lack of nature and fresh air drove him insane. He half suspected Hannibal picked the place on purpose, waiting for the moment Will's patience ran out. When Will had finally snapped at him for something completely trivial and almost threw the glass after him, he'd pushed him out of the place and into the car to drive them into the nearest woods.

As they'd left the rows of buildings to enter fields and forests and grass land his mind had calmed down, the buzz of his thoughts dying to a low hum in the back of his mind.

Hannibal pushed his hands harder into the ground to get his mind back to the present.

Will growled and surged up, trying to dislodge him, to get any kind of leverage over the dead weight above him, but Hannibal didn't budge.

Baring his teeth in a frustrated snarl, Will actually snapped at Hannibal, wanting more, needing more and Hannibal gave it to him, bending down for a bruising kiss full of teeth.

Will sucked Hannibal's tongue into his mouth, wanting to taste him, blood, wine and heat.

He broke the kiss with a gasp.

"Come on, don't be an ass!" he hissed in irritation. He could almost feel the smirk on Hannibal's face at that.

Will groaned in relief when Hannibal finally rolled his hips down to give him something to press up against while he bent down to latch onto his throat, licking the dried sweat off his skin.

He arched his neck, presenting, offering. Inviting.

Hannibal was like a furnace above Will, keeping the chill of the night away and he answered with a moan as sharp teeth scratched over his jaw.

There was no finesse, just urgent and needy rutting against each other for friction to find release.

Will was desperate.

The second Hannibal released his hands to grip his hips hard, Will pushed his dirty fingers into Hannibal's hair to pull him up from his throat for another brutal kiss. He didn't care that it hurt. He needed contact. He needed to taste Hannibal and he needed *more*.

He buried his finger nails in Hannibal's scalp, pulling hard, while Hannibal spread his things with his hands and slipped between them. The full contact of their crotches sent bolts up his spine and he moaned around the tongue in his mouth.

Will wrapped his legs around slim hips and tightened his hold until there was no space between them and they moved as one person, rocking against each other.

His orgasm took him by surprise like a punch to the stomach and he let out a long groan as his muscles twitched with tension.

Hannibal wasn't far behind, freezing above him with a quiet moan that sent another spark crackling along Will's nerves.

For a moment everything was silent, suspended in time, before Hannibal collapsed on him.

Will grunted a laugh, but didn't complain. He wrapped his arms around the man and nuzzled his hair.

He felt the tension of the last weeks drain out of him and it felt glorious.

"We should have done that sooner."

Hannibal just hummed.

After a few moments more, Will shifted.

"It's getting cold, I'm dirty, exhausted, I have come drying in my pants and you're heavy. Come on, move." He poked Hannibal's shoulder weakly.

With a sigh Hannibal propped himself up on his elbows to look down at him. In the dim moonlight Will could see a long gash on Hannibal's cheek. With a thumb he traced it carefully.

"You're bleeding."

"So are you." Hannibal bent down to press a soft kiss to his forehead and now Will could feel the sting.

“Must have been something with thorns somewhere. Now move, before my pants start to stuck to me in really intimate places in the most uncomfortable ways.”

After Will let himself be pulled up by Hannibal, he looked around.

“I hope you have any idea where we are, because I have no clue. How far did we run?”

“You managed about 9 miles this time, thankfully in a half circle around the car, so it’s just a trek of about 3 miles back. You’re getting better.”

Will snorted. “You probably could’ve had me ten minutes ago if you’d wanted.”

Hannibal smiled, his teeth glinting in the dark. “Twenty.”

“Ass.”

Will started walking into the direction Hannibal pointed to, shoving him playfully on his way.

The way to the car was exhausting and felt like hours, so when he finally collapsed into the seat and put the heating on max, he sighed deeply. Will relaxed into the warm leather and waited for Hannibal to start the car and drive them back to their place.

He felt good enough that he knew he could endure another couple of weeks of their life on the run, which was good. He needed to hold on for Hannibal.

When the car didn’t start moving, Will opened his eyes and found Hannibal staring at him deep in thought and with a frown on his face.

“What?”

“I have made a list of safe houses that might be suitable for a more… permanent residence than the ones we stayed in so far. If you’d like to look at them later?”

For a moment Will tried to figure out why Hannibal chose this moment of all to ask him this and why he sounded as if he’d just proposed and waited for rejection. Oh. Will stared at him incredulously. Did he just ask him if they wanted to move in together? He wanted to laugh, but was afraid it would send the wrong signal.

“Yeah, sure. I’d love to.” He smiled softly and put his hand on the one on the steering wheel, squeezing gently.

“I can’t wait to finally settle somewhere.”

Hannibal almost lit up, his eyes showing what his face didn’t. Relief and joy.

“I bet you have some beautiful places to choose from.”

He nodded. “I do. I hope you will find them acceptable.”

Will threw him a fond look.

“I have no doubt about that.”

He let his hand slip down and put it on Hannibal’s knee, squeezing softly.

When Hannibal managed to stall the car, Will knew his message had been received loud and clear.

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End Notes

My next work will be a fic for the Ace/Aro Hannigram fic fest for AceOfHannigram and after THAT I will finally continue with my Harry Potter Hannigram Fusion fic :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!